

BLIZZARD CHASE

Exciting Yukon Action!

No. 11

APRIL-MAY

10c

SKYPILOT

**FIGHTING MISSIONARY
OF THE FAR NORTH**

The

2000-FOOT DROP

Skypilot's Greatest Peril

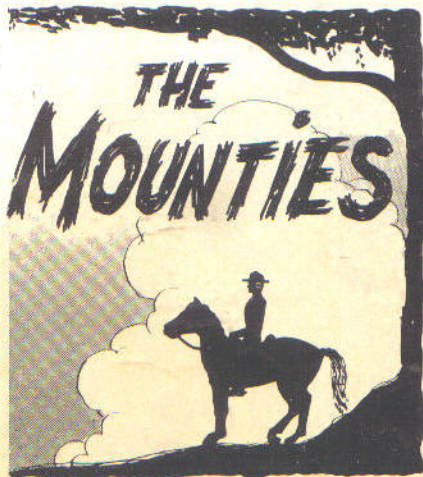


SKYPILOT

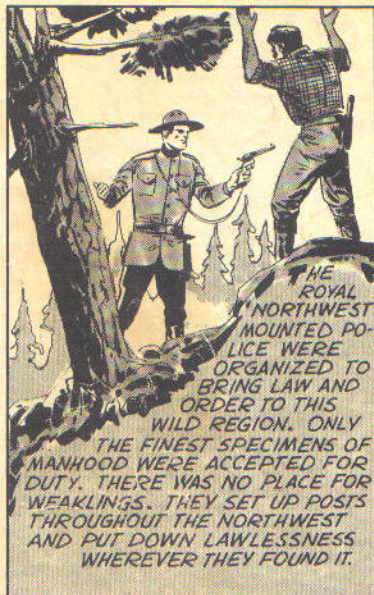




WEB COMIC
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IN 1873, WESTERN CANADA WAS A VAST, SPARSELY POPULATED WILDERNESS. HALF-BREED TRAPPERS AND CRIMINAL BANDS ROAMED THE FOREST LANDS, TAKING THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS; AND HOSTILE INDIANS, INFLAMED BY UNSCRUPULOUS WHISKEY TRADERS, WERE DRENCHING THE PIONEER SETTLEMENTS WITH BLOOD.

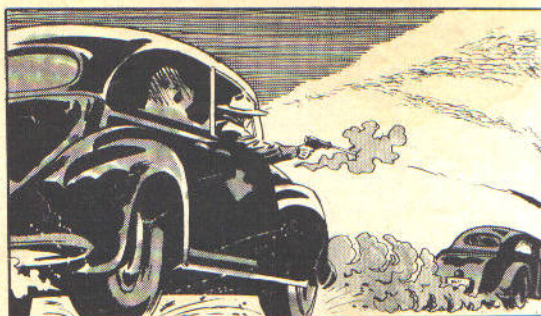


WHEN THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD WAS BEING BUILT ACROSS THE DOMINION, HUNDREDS OF ROUGH HARD-ROCK DRILLERS, LUMBERJACKS, AND DIGGERS HAD TO BE KEPT UNDER CONTROL. BRAWLS AND STRIKES WERE COMMON. BUT SOON THE MOUNTIES, BY THEIR BRAVERY AND DETERMINATION, BUILT UP A REPUTATION OF MEN NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH...

DURING THE FAMOUS GOLD RUSH OF THE LATE NINETIES, THOUSANDS OF MEN, CRAZED BY WILD STORIES OF RICHES, PUSHED NORTHWARD TO THE KLONDIKE. MANY HAD COME ILL-EQUIPPED FOR THE HARDSHIPS AND HAZARDS OF THE GOLD TRAIL. WHEN THESE UNFORTUNATES FOUND THEMSELVES LOST AND HUNGRY, THE MOUNTIES CAME TO THEIR ASSISTANCE.



ON 1920, THE NAME OF THE ORGANIZATION WAS CHANGED TO "ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE". THERE ARE TWO GREAT PRINCIPLES IN THE CODE OF THE MOUNTIES: THEY NEVER SHOOT FIRST, NO MATTER WHAT THE RESULT MAY BE; AND ONLY DEATH SHALL PREVENT THE ARREST OF A MAN WANTED FOR A CRIME. A MOUNTIE "ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!"



TODAY, THE MOUNTIES STILL CARRY ON THE GREAT TRADITION. THEY PREVENT SMUGGLING, PUT DOWN CRIME, FIGHT FOREST FIRES, CARE FOR THE SICK, AND CARRY MAIL TO THE REMOTE TRADING POSTS AND ESKIMO SETTLEMENTS NEAR THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. AT PRESENT, MANY MOUNTIES RIDE AUTOMOBILES INSTEAD OF HORSES, AND EVEN AIRPLANES ARE SOMETIMES USED.

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PRINTED IN U. S. A.

Skipilot

IN THE
**2,000 FOOT
DROP!**

NO--NO!!
YOU CAN'T MAKE
ME JUMP,
SKIPILOT!
I WON'T DO IT!

YOU'LL GO
IF I HAVE TO
THROW
YOU OVER!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY
TO SAVE YOUR
LIFE!

FRANK
BORN

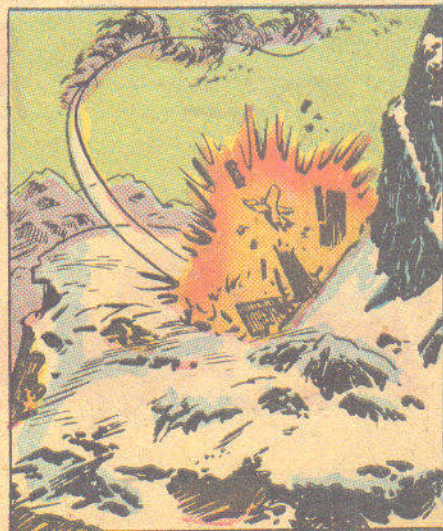
TRAPPED ON THE TOP OF A SNOW-
COVERED MOUNTAIN, BUFFETED BY 50
MILE-AN-HOUR WINDS, SKIPILOT
FACES A GRIM DECISION! THE
ONLY WAY DOWN IS STRAIGHT DOWN...

A 2,000 FOOT DROP!

ONE OF THE SMALL SKI-PLANES
THAT SERVE THE REMOTE SETTLEMENTS
OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST IS JUST
RISING FROM A FROZEN LAKE DEEP IN
THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY...

GOODBY, OSCAR,
GOODBY!
("YEAH... FOR GOOD!")

A FEW MOMENTS
LATER...

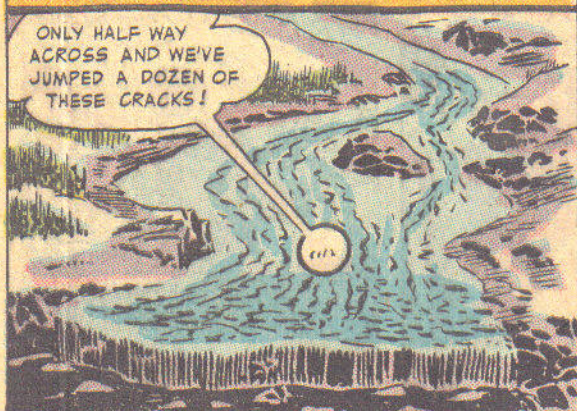


IN THE VILLAGE BELOW, THE SETTLERS ARE JUST LEAVING THE COMMUNITY BUILDING THAT SERVES AS THEIR CHURCH THIS SUNDAY MORNING...



WITH SKYPILOT IN THE LEAD, THE PARTY STARTS ACROSS THE TREACHEROUS GLACIER... AN EVER MOVING RIVER OF ICE SLIDING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN, GROANING AND CRACKING INTO DEEP CREVASSES AS IT GRINDS OVER THE ROCKS BELOW...

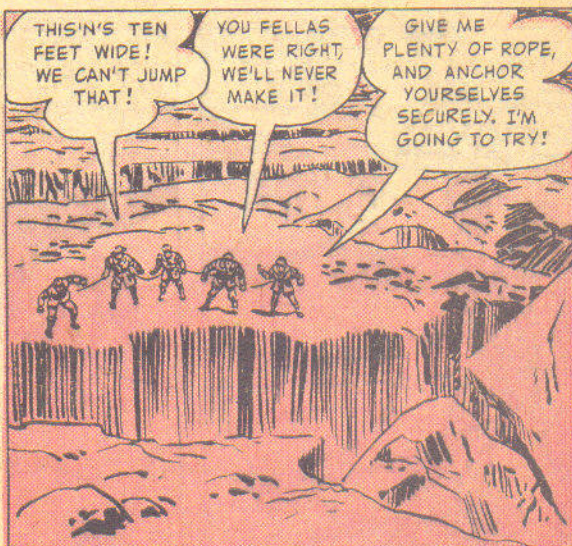
ONLY HALF WAY ACROSS AND WE'VE JUMPED A DOZEN OF THESE CRACKS!



THIS IS TEN FEET WIDE! WE CAN'T JUMP THAT!

YOU FELLAS WERE RIGHT, WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

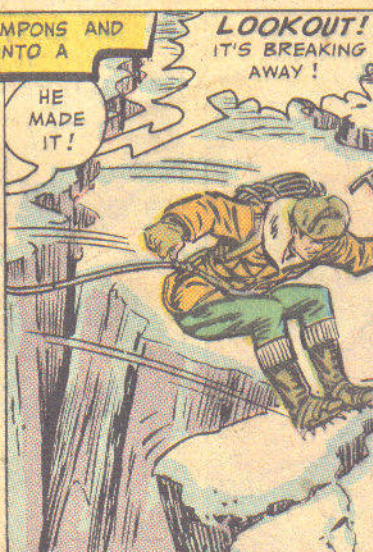
GIVE ME PLENTY OF ROPE, AND ANCHOR YOURSELVES SECURELY. I'M GOING TO TRY!



WEIGHTED DOWN WITH HEAVY CRAMPONS AND GEAR, SKYPILOT HURLS HIMSELF INTO A RUNNING START AND...



HE MADE IT!



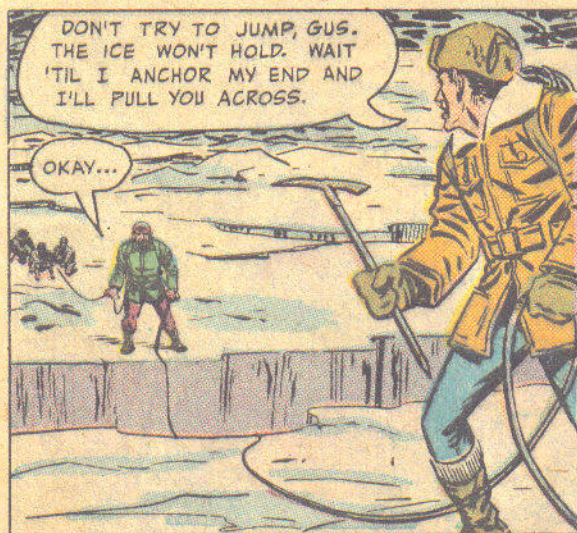
LOOKOUT! IT'S BREAKING AWAY!

UHH! THAT WAS CLOSE!

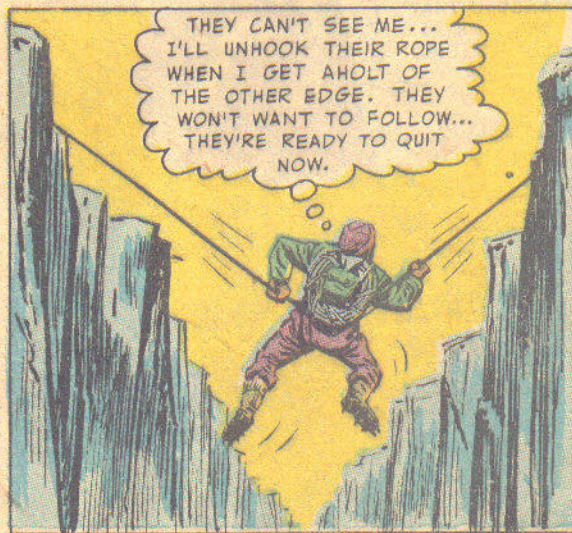


DON'T TRY TO JUMP, GUS. THE ICE WON'T HOLD. WAIT 'TIL I ANCHOR MY END AND I'LL PULL YOU ACROSS.

OKAY...



THEY CAN'T SEE ME... I'LL UNHOOK THEIR ROPE WHEN I GET AHOFT OF THE OTHER EDGE. THEY WON'T WANT TO FOLLOW... THEY'RE READY TO QUIT NOW.





WHAT HAPPENED?

LINE CAME UNHOOKED. ONE OF THEM'LL HAVE TO JUMP IT NOW.



NONSENSE, COIL THE ROPE AND THROW IT OVER HERE. WE'VE GOT TO HURRY!

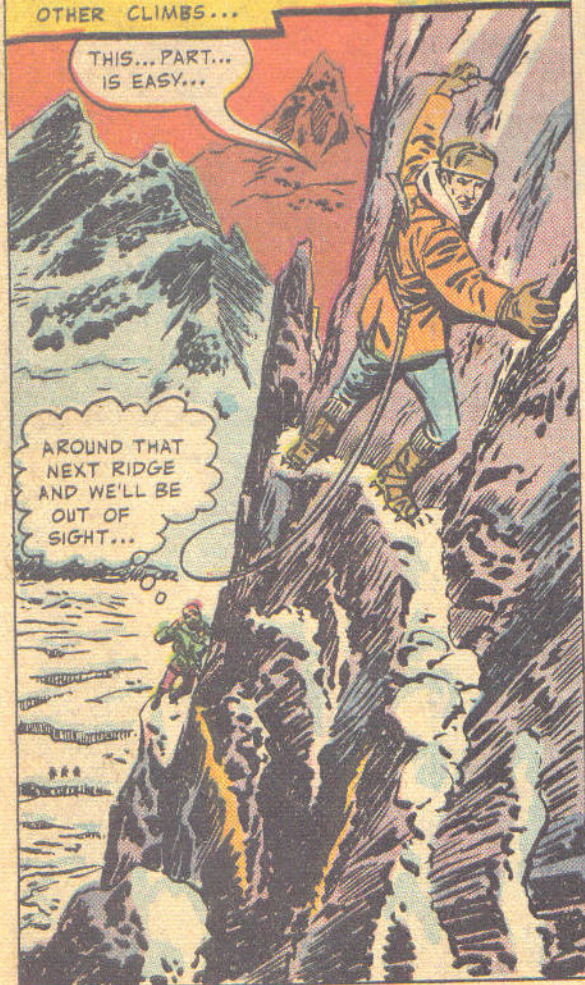
WE COULD MAKE BETTER TIME ALONE, HAWKS...JUST THE TWO OF US.



I... BEEN KINDA THINKIN' THE SAME THING...

THEN WAIT HERE. WE'LL NEED YOUR HELP ON THE WAY BACK. COME ON, GUS.

SLOWLY, HANDHOLD BY FOOTHOLD, GUS AND SKYPILOT PULL THEMSELVES UP NARROW CRACKS, ALONG PRECARIOUS LEDGES AND OVER JAGGED ROCKS, EACH MAN ALTERNATELY ANCHORING HIS AX IN SOLID ROCK WHILE THE OTHER CLIMBS...



THIS... PART... IS EASY...

AROUND THAT NEXT RIDGE AND WE'LL BE OUT OF SIGHT...



WATCH IT HERE, GUS. ICE... SLIPPERY...

I'D BETTER GIVE YOU MORE ROPE 'TIL YOU REACH A GOOD SPOT TO ANCHOR.

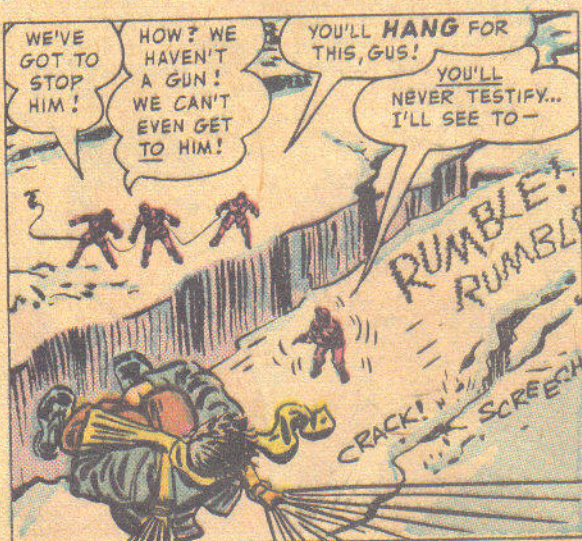
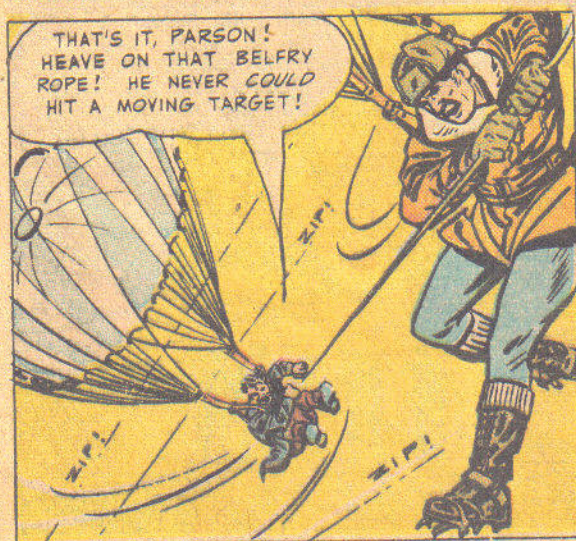
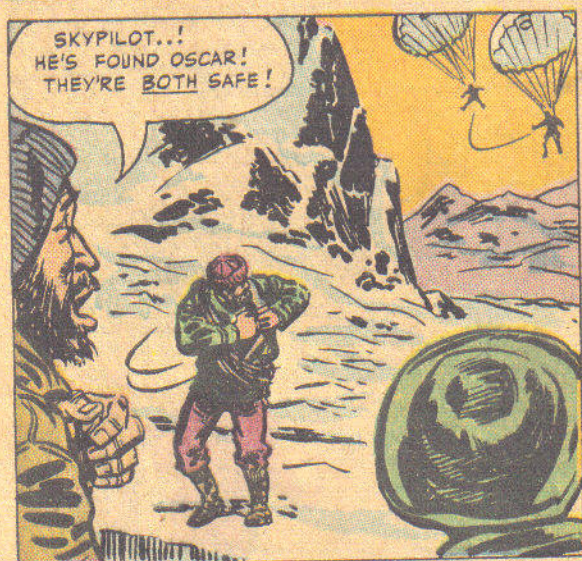
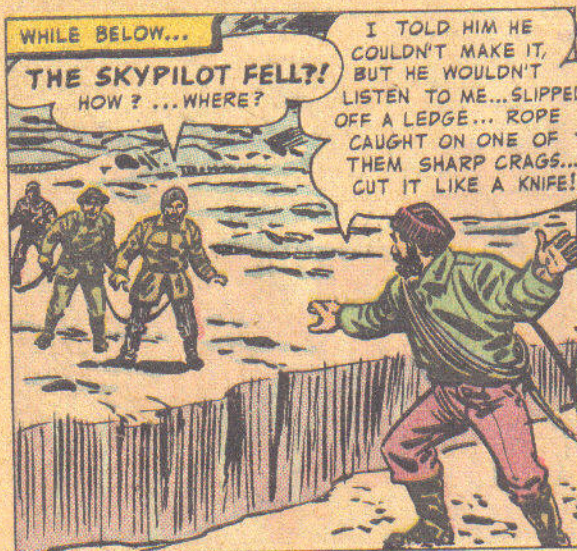


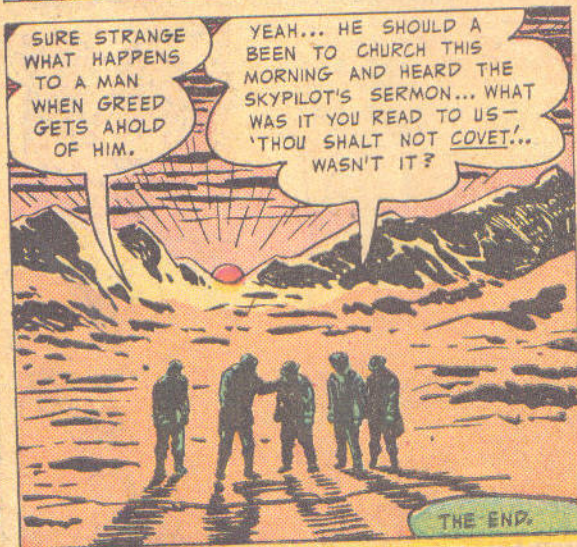
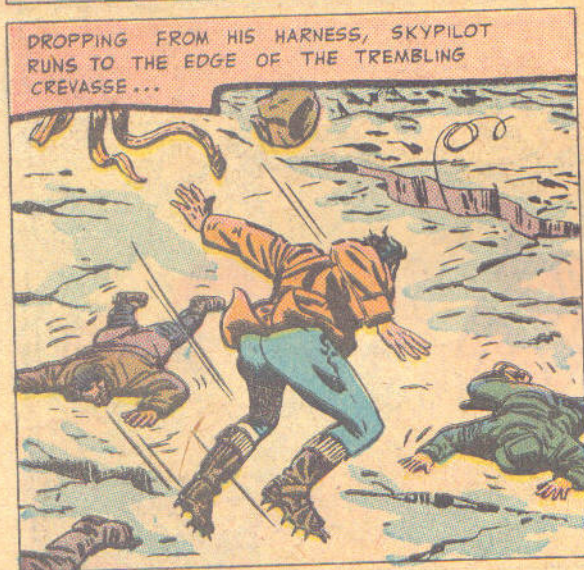
RIGHT... KEEP PAYING IT OUT SLACK...

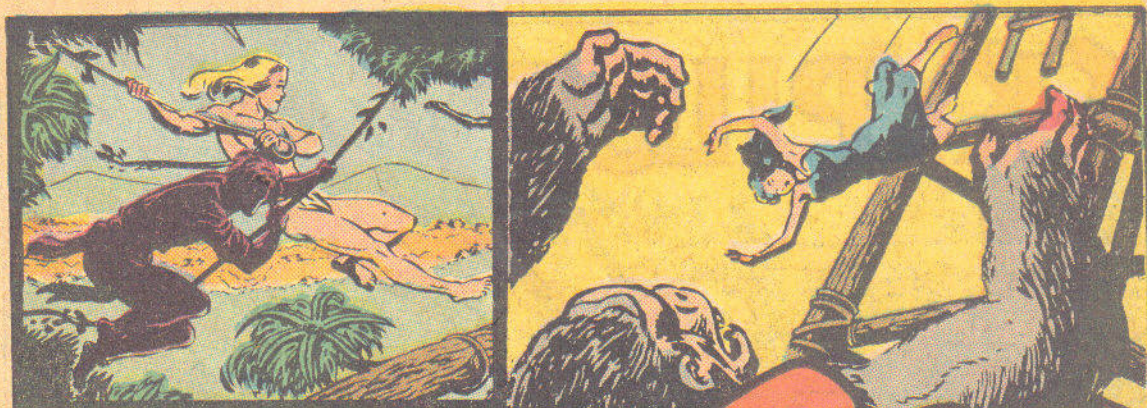
I'LL GIVE YOU PLENTY OF SLACK, SKYPILOT. ALL YOU WANT!











NO. 11

WILD BOY

**ON SALE
MARCH
23rd**

IN his lust for gold, Zabba the Witch Doctor has turned a killer gorilla against the Kamba Tribel! The jungle has become a place of terror and death! Can WILD BOY restore peace? What can be the outcome of his grim battle with a giant maddened gorilla!

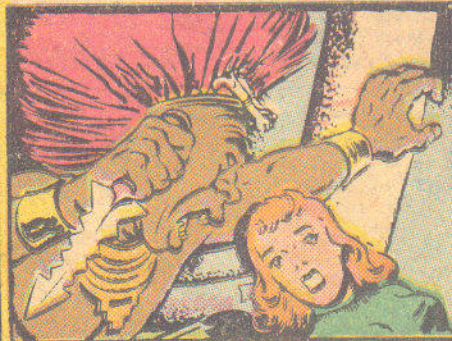
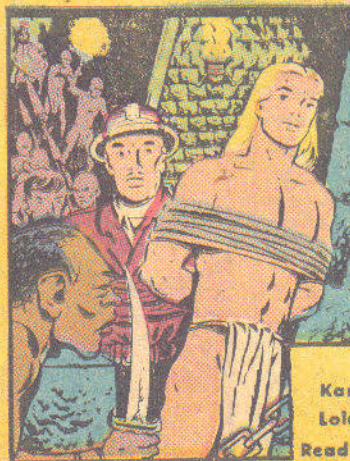
Read WILD BOY in THE WITCH DOCTOR!

ALSO
IN THIS
ISSUE:

THE RETURN!

FIRE WHEN READY!

Joe Barton in
JUNGLE DRUM!



Captured and bound by the dread Kamokos, how can WILD BOY rescue beautiful Lola from cruel sacrifice?

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SKYPILOT

IN "The Kid from Nowhere!"

ALL RIGHT, SKYPILOT, YOU'VE TRACKED ME DOWN THIS FAR—BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! I'M GOIN' TO PUT A BULLET IN YUH, AN' THROW YUH OVER THE SIDE!



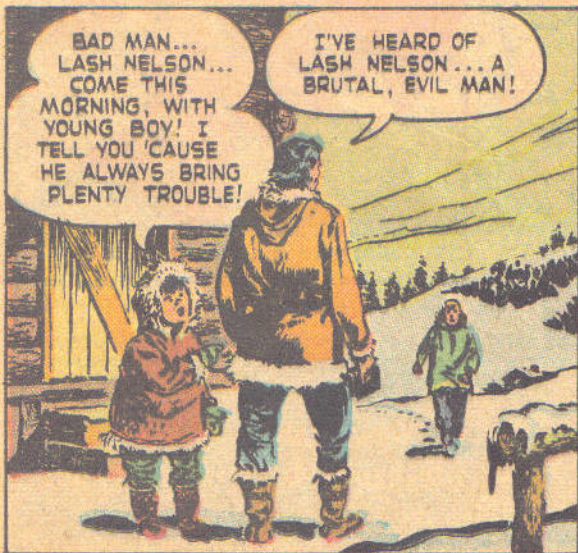
IN ALL OF THE RUGGED, FROZEN NORTH THERE WAS NO ONE WHO CARED WHAT HAPPENED TO A YOUNG BOY, EXCEPT SKYPILOT!

AND SKYPILOT NEVER QUESTIONED THE ODDS WHEN HE FOUGHT TO SAVE...

"The Kid from Nowhere!"

BAD MAN... LASH NELSON... COME THIS MORNING, WITH YOUNG BOY! I TELL YOU 'CAUSE HE ALWAYS BRING PLENTY TROUBLE!

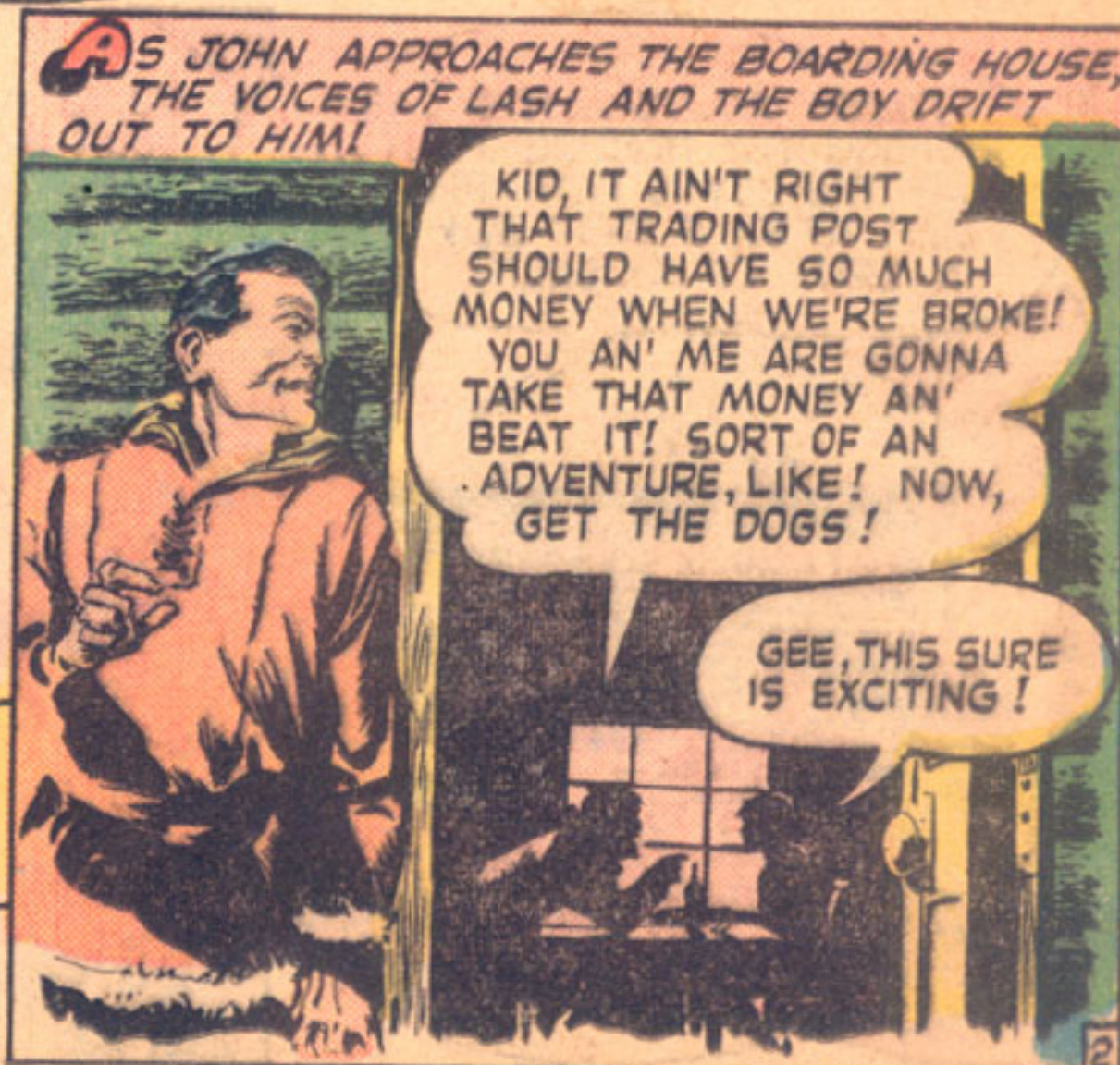
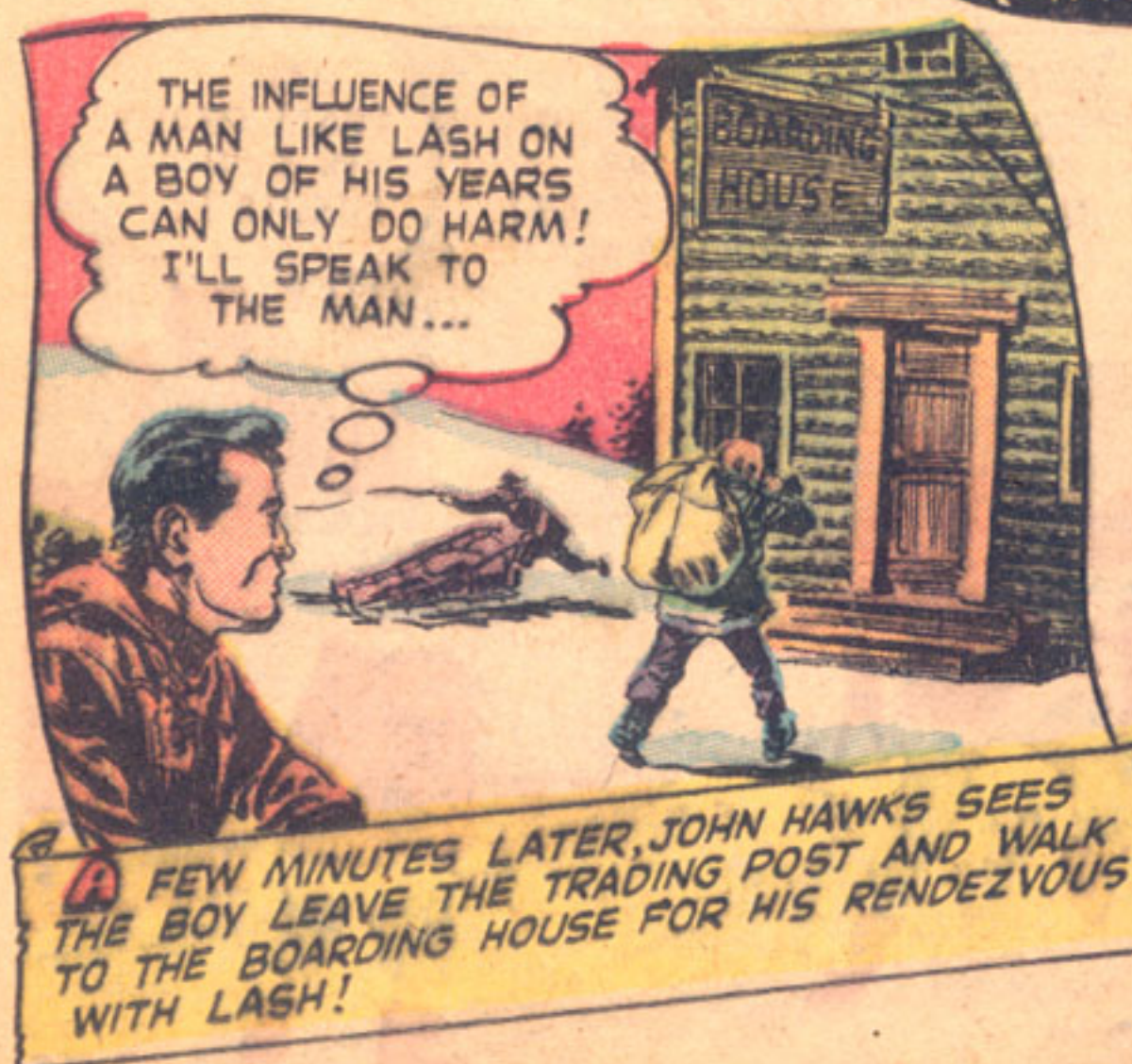
I'VE HEARD OF LASH NELSON... A BRUTAL, EVIL MAN!

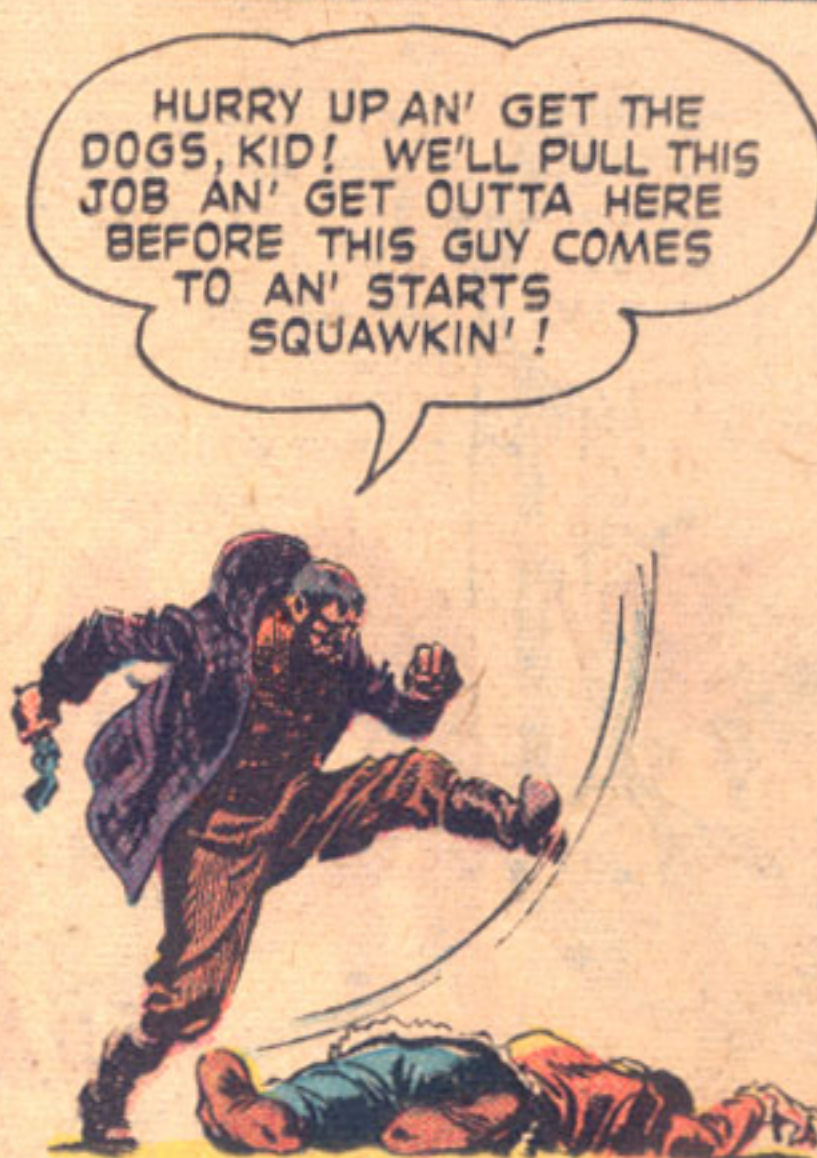
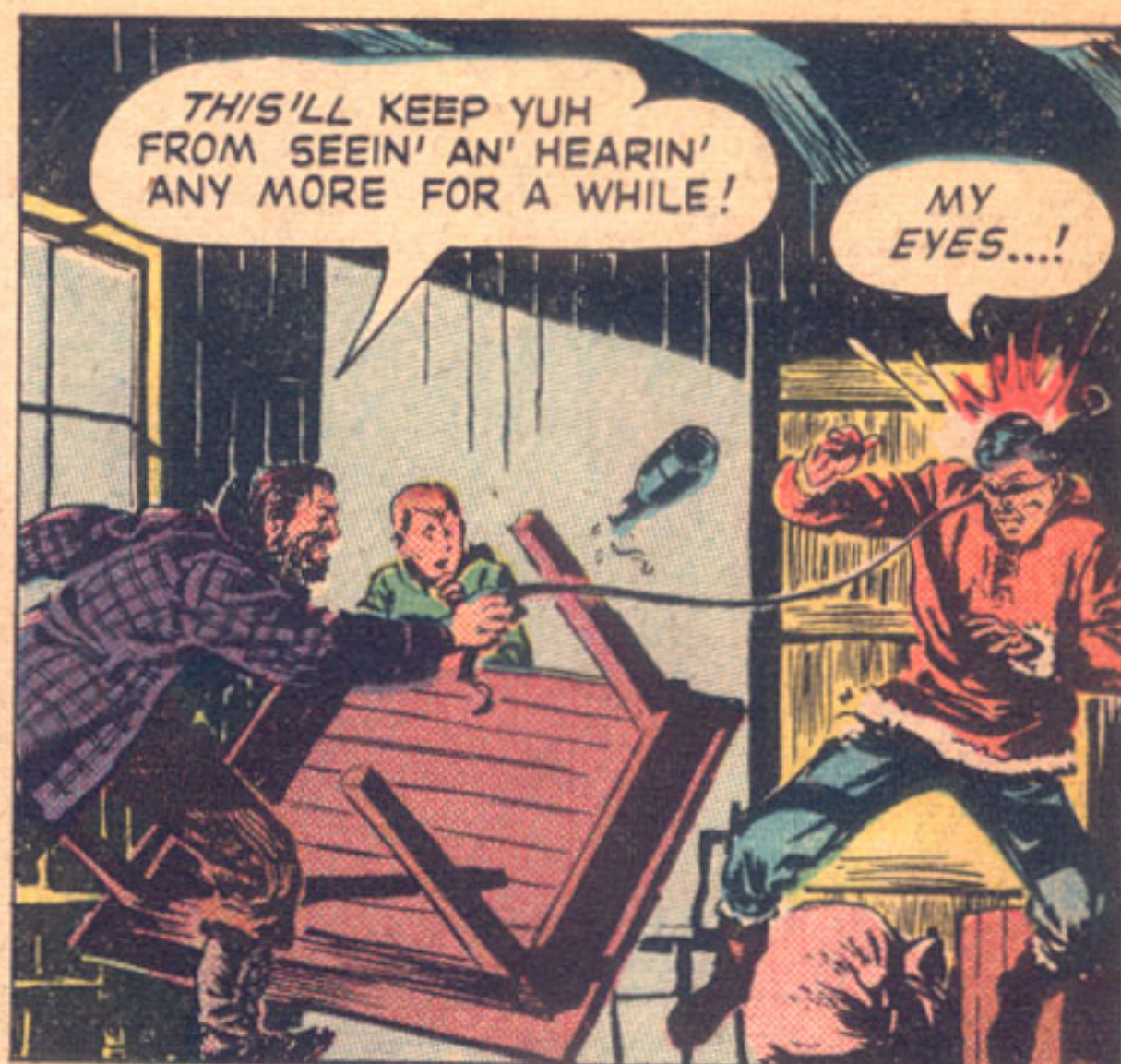


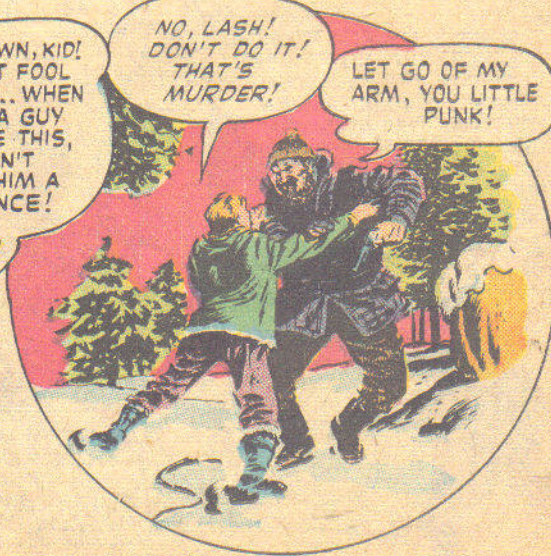
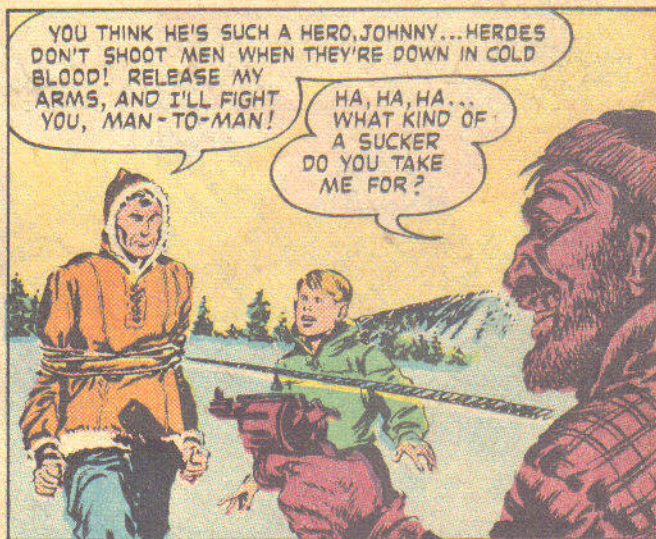
THIS IS BOY WHO CAME WITH HIM.

HEY, MISTER, WHERE'S THE TRADING POST AT? I GOT TO MEET LASH NELSON THERE! ME AND HIM ARE PALS!











I SAID LET GO!

WHAP!

I WON'T
LET YOU...
I WON'T!

WHILE LASH STRUGGLES
WITH THE BOY, JOHN
WHISPERS A COMMAND
TO KANUTE, HIS LEAD
DOG...



CHEW THROUGH
THE WHIP, BOY!



HAW... NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF
SKYPILOT. AND WHEN I FINISH HIM
OFF, I'M GONNA TEACH YOU WHO'S
BOSS, PUNK!



DROP THAT
GUN!

WHAT THE...



I DON'T BELIEVE IN PHYSICAL
VIOLENCE, BUT IN THIS CASE
IT SEEMS THE ONLY SOLUTION!
JOHNNY, I'M GOING TO SHOW
YOU THAT THIS MAN YOU
THINK A HERO IS
NOTHING BUT A
BULLY AND A
CROOKED COWARD!

YUH PSALM-
SINGIN' WEASEL
...I'LL TEAR
YUH APART!



HE'S AS
POWERFUL
AS A
BULL!

YOU AIN'T WALKIN'
AWAY FROM
HERE, SKYPILOT!

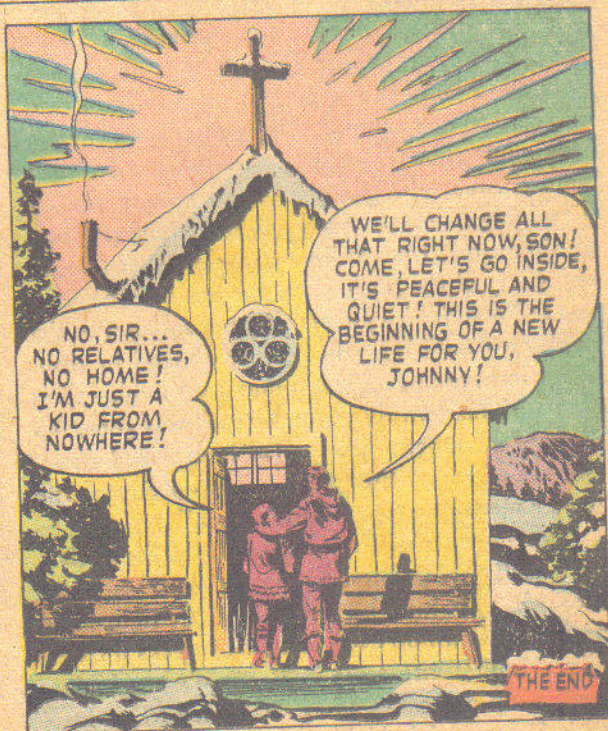
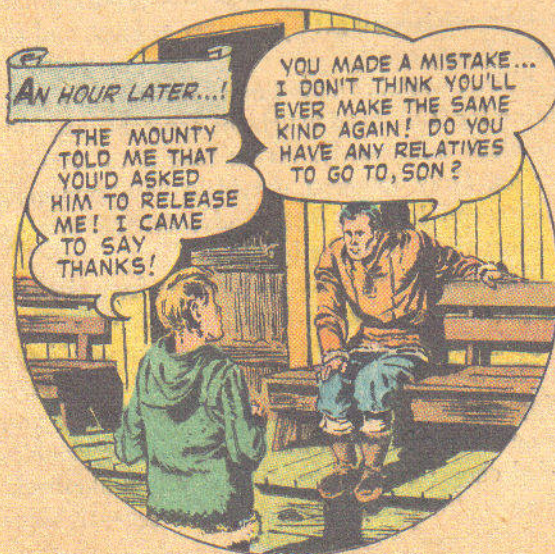
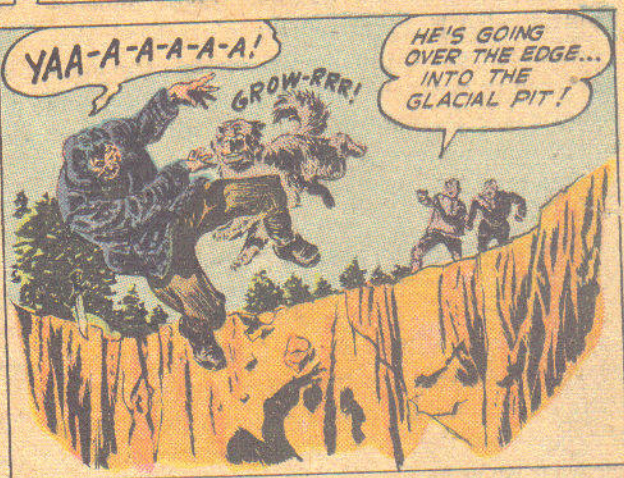


I'VE GOT
HIM NOW!

SWIFTLY THE TWO MEN
CLOSE! ONLY SKYPILOT'S
AGILITY KEEPS HIM FROM
GOING DOWN UNDER THAT
FIRST MURDEROUS ONSLAUGHT.



THE NORTHERN LIGHT FLASHES ON SHARP STEEL AS LASH GRABS A HIDDEN KNIFE WHILE JOHN'S BACK IS TURNED!



THE END

TRACKS IN THE AIRWAYS

Old Superintendent McTavish of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police pounded his desk. "If you don't do something," he roared at Constable Bill Simpson, "we might as well both turn in our badges! Headquarters has been riding me for months about the way the crime rate has gone up in this district, and now, with Joe Stillman's murder, they're threatening to send in some outside people to clean up here!"

"I know," said Bill wearily. "Look, Superintendent, what Headquarters doesn't realize is that you haven't got the manpower or the equipment you need to cover the district properly. Your territory takes in more than a hundred thousand square miles up here in the Northwest, and you've got ten men. My own sub-section is the smallest one, and yet I've got more than seven thousand square miles to patrol alone. I've been begging for another man to work with me, but . . ."

"You can't have any help," said McTavish flatly. "It took us four years of work to get your Piper Cub for you, and the budget won't allow an extra cent. You'll have to do it alone, Bill. I know it's tough, but that's the way it is. Come on. Let's see what we've got."

"Okay. Every indication shows that Rufe Bronson is the brains behind whatever has been going on around here. We've gone over every case and all signs point to him and his gang. The Stillman killing just about clinches it. Bronson and Stillman were enemies ever since Stillman kicked him off his mining claim two years ago, and Bronson swore, at that time, that Stillman would never live to enjoy any of the proceeds of the mine. Two weeks ago Stillman hit his gold strike, and sold out to the bank syndicate for a hundred thousand in cash. The next morning he was found dead in his cabin, shot with his own rifle, and the cash was gone. No fingerprints on the rifle; it had been wiped clean. But we did find Bronson's prints on one of the bank's money wrappers on the floor."

"But no trace of Bronson," growled McTavish.

"That's right. Bronson hasn't been seen for more than six months. Pete Gray, his right-hand man, has shown up every couple of weeks for supplies. He flies into town in Bronson's amphibian, loads it up and takes off again. I tried to get legal with Gray, and hold him because he was flying

Bronson's plane, but he had a perfect out, in the form of a bill of sale, all properly receipted."

"Did you try following the plane?"

"Every time he leaves town. But it's hopeless. He has that amphibian souped up so that it's at least a hundred miles an hour faster than my Piper Cub. Don't forget that I slowed my plane down when I added the pontoons. It's easy for him to lose me, and he always does." Bill shook his head slowly. "There must be some way I can track Bronson to his hideout, but I can't figure it out," he gritted savagely. "But trying to find one spot in a hundred thousand square miles of thick woods is worse than looking for a needle in a haystack!"

McTavish nodded. "I know, Bill. But you've got to do it, somehow. I don't know how, but it's got to be done."

A week later Bill Simpson, lounging in front of the local assayer's office, turned at a loud, raucous hail. "Well," came the sarcastic voice, "if it ain't Bill Simpson, the terror of evil-doers!"

Bill nodded. "Hello, Gray," he said quietly. "I'm fine. How's Bronson, and when is he going to come in and give himself up?"

Gray's bull-like roar of laughter filled the street. "Now, Bill," he chuckled, "you know I ain't seen Bronson for six months, since he sold me his plane. I'm a law-abiding citizen, I am, and don't hang out with bums!"

"Okay, Gray. But the next time you see him, tell him that we'll get him sooner or later, and the rest of you, too."

"Why, you . . ." Gray lunged forward in a giant swing for Bill's head which the constable was able to block only partly. As he fought to clear his vision, Gray followed the blow with punishing rights and lefts to Bill's body, driving him up against the side of the building.

Bill caught only a second's respite from the rain of punches as Gray, sure of himself, drew back slightly for the haymaker punch which would end it. In that brief instant Bill gathered his fast-slipping faculties, dodged under the punch, and came down with both hands in a vicious, double-sided chop for the sides of Gray's bull-like neck. The judo blow struck home, and the gigantic Gray crumpled to the ground.

Bill stumbled into the assayer's office and sank

into a chair. "Quite a nice little brawl," the assayer said calmly. "I watched it."

Bill grinned wryly. "Trouble with Gray is," he said, "that he's almost as good a fighter as he thinks he is. He's plenty tough." He glanced at the assayer, who was bent over a couple of dull, greyish rocks. "What's that?" he asked. "First time I've ever seen you interested in anything except gold."

The assayer nodded. "Right you are. It's the first time I've ever worked on any of it. This stuff is called pitchblende, and it's worth a great deal more than gold, when it runs in this kind of concentration. Actually—and keep this under your hat—this is the stuff that Joe Stillman found. It wasn't a gold mine, although that was the story that was given out to avoid a stampede. The bank syndicate that bought him out was acting for the government. If Joe had sold out to private individuals, he could have got ten times what he did. But he was a pretty patriotic guy, Joe Stillman. He would rather sell to the government for less."

"Pitchblende?" Bill's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Isn't that the stuff that . . ."

"That's right," the assayer interrupted. "It sure is. Hey," he broke off as Bill took the largest piece of rock and started to leave, "where are you going with that?"

"I'm taking it in the name of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police," replied Bill. "And just keep *this* under your hat. Maybe Joe Stillman will help me find his killer!"

Pete Gray's plane, carefully locked, sat at the edge of the empty field which the town used as its airport. The darkness of the moonless night made ideal cover for Bill Simpson as he knelt down under the lower wing. For a couple of minutes his fingers were busy with a welding torch and a small leaden cylinder, and then he straightened up and left, careful to gather up all his tools before vanishing.

Back at Bill's tiny office, Superintendent McTavish shook his head. "I've done what you asked me, Bill," he said, "but all I can say is that it better work! If it doesn't, we won't get a chance to turn in our badges. We'll be kicked out!"

"It'll work," said Bill grimly. "I know that much! When will the planes be here?"

"In the morning. Nine of them, and they'll all have their radios set to your short-wave length."

The following morning Bill pored over maps with nine other pilots. "Gray took off an hour ago," he said. "His range isn't more than five hundred miles, so he's got to be in this area somewhere. Now re-

member. We fly according to plan, seventy-five miles apart, and we maintain the same cruising speed of a hundred and twenty-five miles per hour. We keep in constant two-way touch. Okay?"

The other pilots nodded. Ten minutes later the ten planes were in the air, heading north, and flying a criss-cross pattern which brought practically every mile of the rugged terrain below within sight of at least one of the ships.

Not a single sign disturbed the vast forest, so thickly overgrown that only the animals could work their way through the dense thickets. No smoke gave a fix on a camp; no clearing indicated a laboriously built flying field. The lakes shone like jewels in the thickets, their edges rimmed with huge trees which grew right down to the water's edge.

Gas was beginning to run low, and Bill was considering giving the order to turn back, when suddenly he heard the first vague buzzing from the box strapped to his control panel. At that second came a voice on the radio. "Johnson, to your right, Bill. I get a signal on my Geiger counter."

A series of quick orders rapped out from Bill, and in a matter of moments the ten planes were converging on a tiny lake. All ten planes' Geiger counters were now clicking and at Bill's signal the ten planes swooped down low to buzz the lake. All the pilots saw the well-hidden amphibian at the same moment, and a pattern of well-placed machine gun bursts rendered it incapable of flying.

The battle was short. In less than ten minutes after landing on the lake, Bronson and Gray, unharmed, stood sullenly handcuffed, ready to be brought back to trial for the killing of Joe Stillman, and their four henchmen lay on the ground, riddled with mounties' bullets, while the officers gathered the money, the serial numbers of which would convict Bronson of Stillman's murder.

"You were just lucky, copper," snarled Bronson. "If you wouldn't have been born with a rabbit's foot in your hand, you never would have found the hideout."

Bill shook his head. "It wasn't luck," he said with satisfaction. "It was justice. Look at the underside of the right wing on your plane. There's a little lead cylinder with a chunk of pitchblende from Joe Stillman's mine. That led our Geiger counters right here, Bronson. Just like I said—even though Joe is dead, he still was able to lead us right to his killers!"

THE END

SNOWFANG

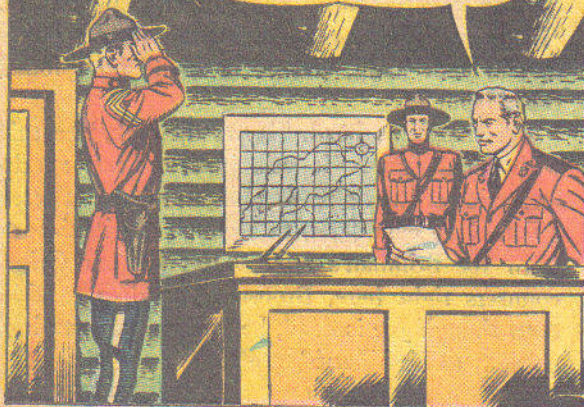
"DUTY ABOVE ALL!"

"A MOUNTY MUST DO HIS DUTY! THIS PHRASE COUPLED WITH, 'A MOUNTY ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN,' ARE TIME HONORED RULES OF THE RED-COATED POLICEMEN OF THE SNOW COUNTRY! BUT THERE ARE OTHER ELEMENTS--- HUMAN VALUES, AND A QUALITY OF MERCY THAT A GOOD OFFICER MUST CONSIDER IN THE LINE OF DUTY! THESE WERE THE LESSONS ONE MAN HAD TO LEARN--- THE MAN **SNOWFANG** MET IN THE GLITTERING, RAW REACHES OF THE GREAT NORTH--- THE MOUNTY WHO PUT ---"DUTY ABOVE ALL!"



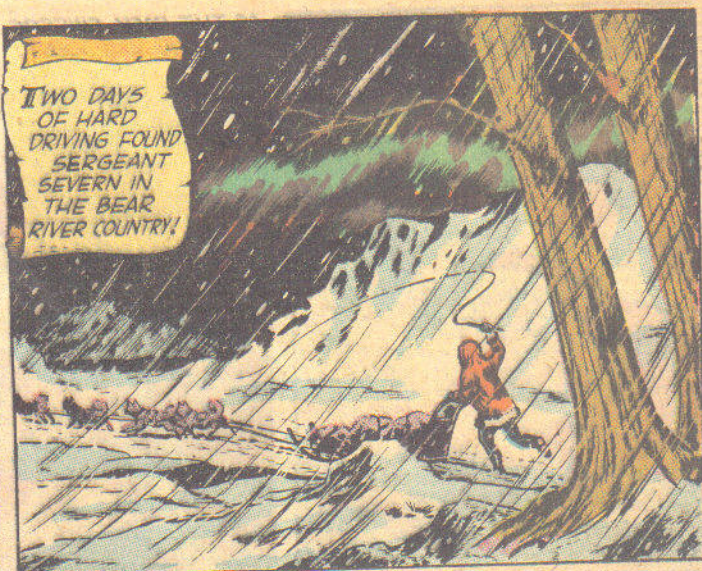
YOU CALLED FOR ME, SIR?

YES, SERGEANT SEVERN! WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT A WANTED MAN, BART HALPIN, IS IN THE VICINITY OF BEAR RIVER! YOU ARE TO FIND HIM AND BRING HIM BACK!



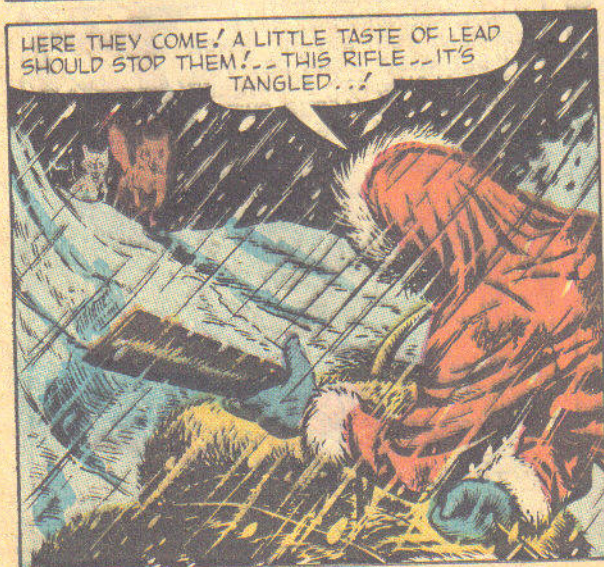
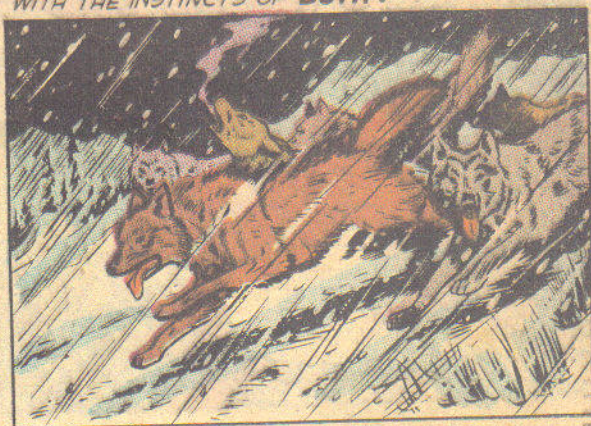
THIS MAN WAS ONE OF A GROUP WHO, MANY YEARS AGO, HELD UP A HUDSON'S BAY POST! IT WAS HIS FIRST AND ONLY CRIME, COMMITTED BECAUSE HE WAS TICKED INTO IT BY THE REST OF THE GANG! THE REST HAVE SINCE BEEN APPREHENDED, AND THE HUDSON BAY CO. WANTS HIM, TOO! HERE'S HIS DESCRIPTION --- YOU'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!





THEN A STORM HOWLED DOWN FROM THE FRIGID NORTH AND, CARRIED ON THE WINGS OF THE GALE, CAME THE HUNTING HOWL OF WOLVES!

NOT FAR AWAY THE GREY, GAUNT BEASTS GET THE AIR-BORNE SCENT OF THE HUSKIES, AND QUICKEN STRIDE... AND AT THEIR HEAD LEAPS **SNOWFANG**, KING OF THE ARCTIC WILD... HALF-WOLF, HALF-DOG, WITH THE INSTINCTS OF **BOTH**!





IF I CAN ONLY...
GET THAT RIFLE!

AS THE PACK SWEEPS IN FOR THE KILL, **SNOWFANG** SUDDENLY GETS THE MAN SCENT! THE BLOOD OF HIS DOG ANCESTORS SURGES TO THE FORE!

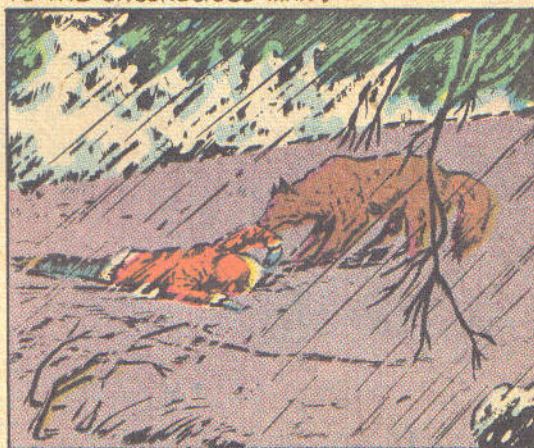


THE LEADER... HE'S TURNING
ON THE OTHERS! HE'S
PROTECTING ME! IT'S
UNBELIEVABLE!



I MUST —
TRY TO GET...
GUN...HELP
HIM —!

BUT SNOWFANG NEEDS NO HELP! THE WOLVES BREAK AND RUN BEFORE HIS FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT, AND NOW THE WOLF-DOG TURNS TO THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN!



THROUGH THE BLINDING BLIZZARD **SNOWFANG** DRAGS THE MOUNTY, UNTIL HE REACHES HIS OBJECTIVE... A SECLUDED, INHABITED CABIN THAT HE HAD SEEN WHILE HUNTING!



WHAT THE BLUE
BLAZES IS GOIN' ON
OUT THERE?

ROOWWEE!
ROOWWEE!



HMMM, WOUNDED AND NEAR
FROZEN! BEST GET HIM INSIDE
AN' SEE WHAT I CAN DO! YOU
COME ALONG, TOO, BIG FELLER!
I RECKON THIS JASPER OWES
YOU HIS LIFE!

THE GENTLE MINISTRATIONS OF THE BEARDED RECLUSE AND THE WARMTH OF THE CABIN, REVIVE THE WOUNDED MOUNTY.



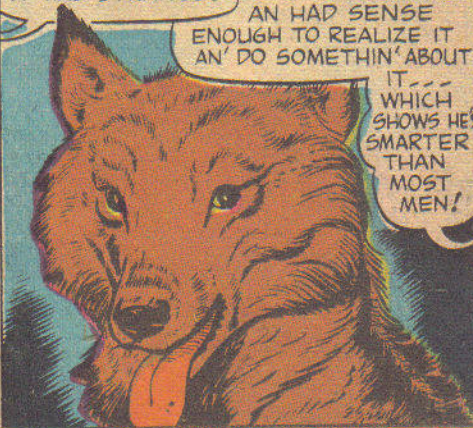
WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?
YOUR DOG DRAGGED YOU HERE!
YOU'RE IN MY HUT IN THE MOUNTAINS!
I DON'T TAKE TO STRANGERS... 'SPECIALY MOUNTIES, BUT I RECKON YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE 'TIL THAT WOUND HEALS!



HE ISN'T MY DOG! HE WAS WITH THE WOLVES, THEN HE TURNED ON THEM AND SAVED ME! IT WAS STRANGE!

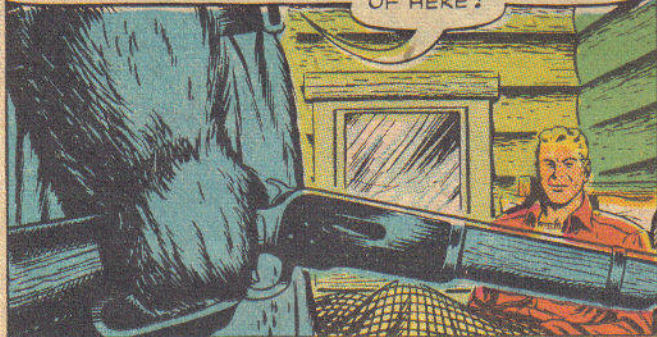
NOT SO STRANGE! HE WAS TRAVELIN' IN THE WRONG COMPANY AN' HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO REALIZE IT AN' DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT...

WHICH SHOWS HE'S SMARTER THAN MOST MEN!



THE STORM BLEW ITSELF OUT FIVE DAYS LATER, AND SERGEANT SEVERN WAS ON THE MEND, THANKS TO HIS BITTER AND TACITURN HOST!

WE COULD STAND SOME FRESH MEAT SO ME AND THE BIG FELLER ARE GOIN' HUNTIN'! YOU KEEP OFF THAT LEG! I WANT YOU WELL FAST SO'S YOU'LL GET OUT OF HERE!



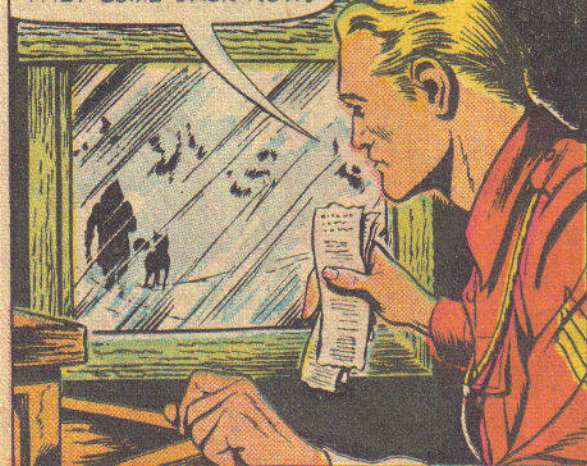
AS SOON AS THE DOOR HAD CLOSED BEHIND THE PAIR, SERGEANT SEVERN WHIPS A PAPER FROM HIS POCKET...



YES, IT ALL CHECKS! SIZE, WEIGHT, BUILD, COLOR OF EYES AND HAIR, AND THAT FACIAL SCAR THAT'S ALMOST HIDDEN BY HIS BEARD! THIS HERMIT IS BART HALPIN ALL RIGHT!



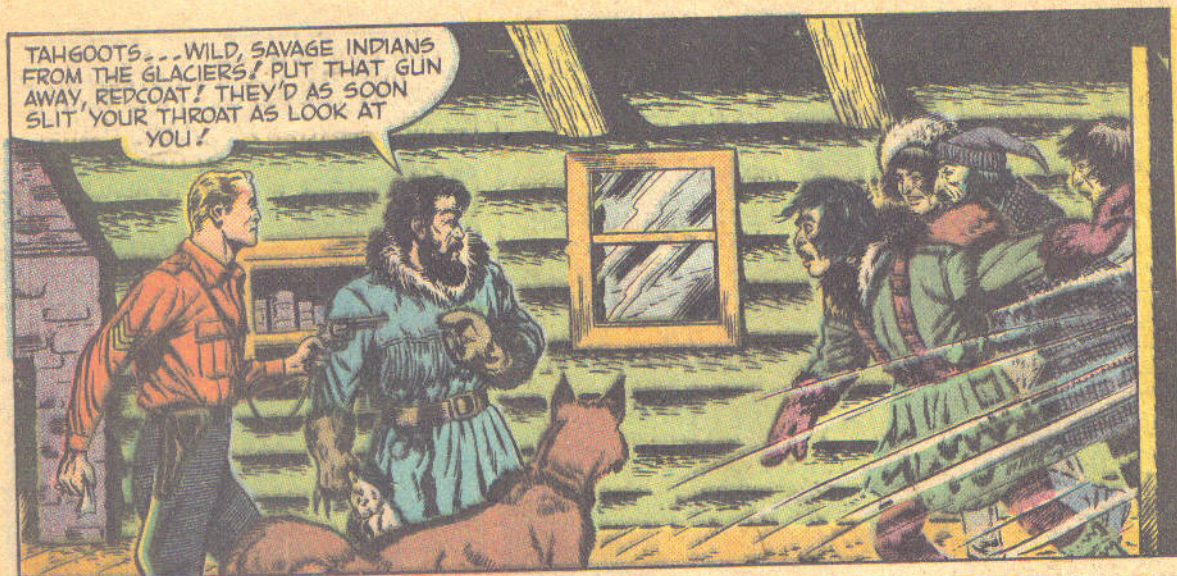
CLIPPINGS, TELLING ABOUT THE HOLDUP! THIS CINCHES IT! HERE THEY COME BACK NOW!



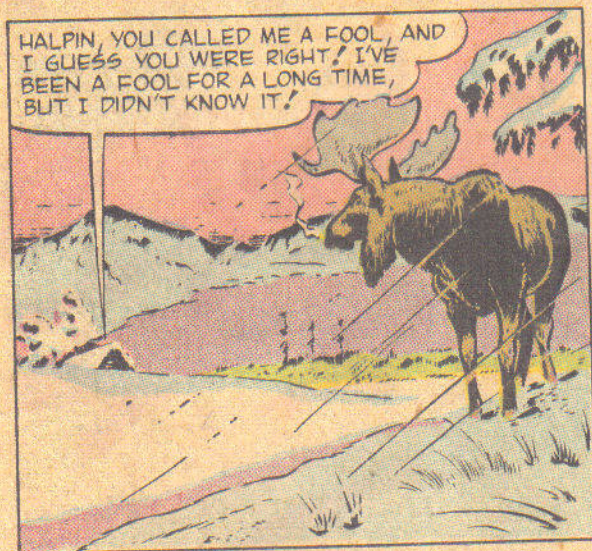
SO... YOU FOUND OUT! I GUESS I WAS A FOOL TO TAKE YOU IN— SHOULD'VE LET YOU DIE OUT THERE!

AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME, I DON'T EXACTLY RELISH THIS, BUT IT'S MY DUTY! BART HALPIN, I ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF THE CROWN!





THE TWO MEN
ALONE WOULD
HAVE STOOD
NO CHANCE
AGAINST THE
SAVAGES, BUT
THE RAGING,
SLASHING
WOLF-DOG
GIANT, TURNS
THE TIDE
OF BATTLE!



THE END

IN THE FAR NORTH, THERE ARE SOME WHO BELIEVE THAT ONLY THE STRONG MUST SURVIVE...THE WEAK MUST PERISH! BUT ROAMING AMONG THE OPPRESSED IS A MAN WHO CARRIES THE SHIELD OF JUSTICE! HE IS JOHN HAWKS... BETTER KNOWN AS SKYPILOT... WHO FIGHTS FOR THE UNDERDOG, RISKING FROZEN DEATH,

Skypilot

IN THE
BLIZZARD
CHASE!



A HOWLING BLIZZARD RIPS AT JOHN HAWKS AND NALUK AS THEY FEVERISHLY MUSH THROUGH A LITTLE-USED TRAIL TOWARD SOME REFUGE...

THE STORM'S GETTING WORSE, NALUK. I'M AFRAID THIS IS REALLY GOING TO BE ONE TO REMEMBER.

NOT GOOD TO BE OUT...!



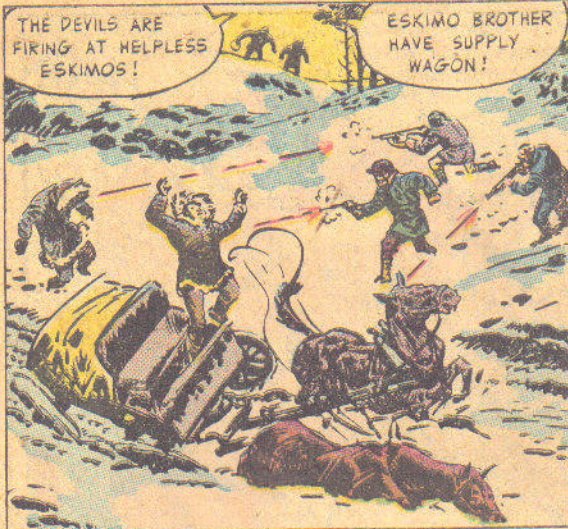
SUDDENLY... THE STACCATO BARK OF GUNFIRE IS HEARD ABOVE THE WHINING WIND...

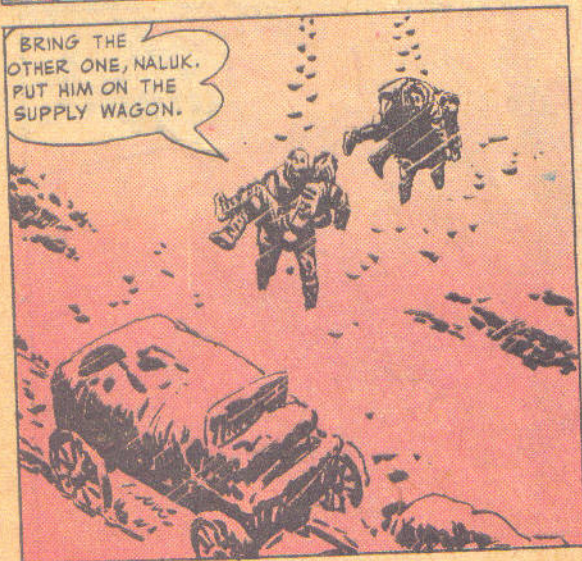
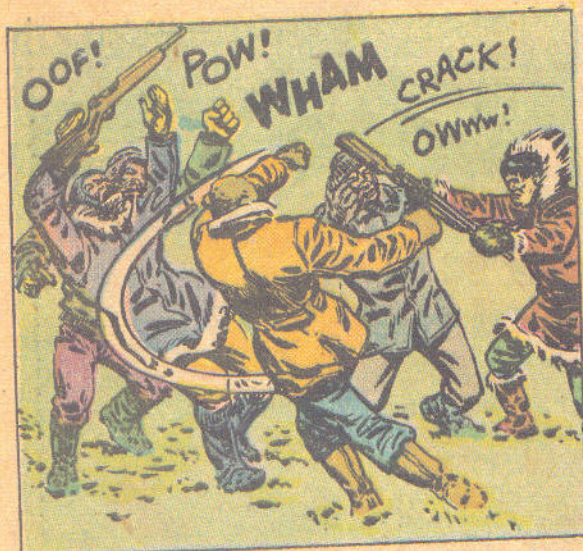
SHOTS...!

YOU'RE RIGHT! AND IT COMES FROM OVER THERE! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!



BANG
BANG







WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY IF THE STORM ISN'T GOING TO STOP US. THEIR PEOPLE ARE IN GREAT NEED OF FOOD AND MEDICINE.

WE ARE NOT ALONE ON THIS TRAIL. THE EVIL ONES STILL FOLLOW.

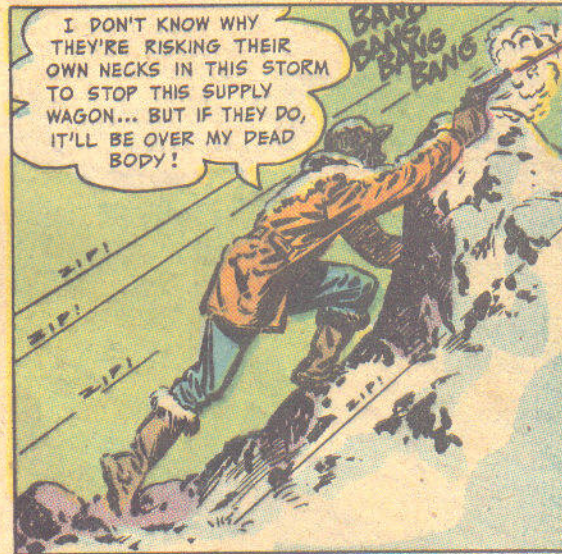


YES... THEY HAVE NOT GIVEN UP, AND THE WOUNDED MEN ARE SLOWING US DOWN. BUT WE'LL GET THROUGH... RIGHT IS ON OUR SIDE!



STRAINING EVERY POWERFUL MUSCLE, AND URGING THE DOGS ON TO THEIR UTMOST, JOHN HAWKS AND NALUK FLOUNDER THROUGH THE HIGH DRIFTS AWARE OF DEATH STALKING THEIR HEELS. THEN, AS THEY ENTER A NARROW DEFILE...

THEY'VE CAUGHT UP TO US AGAIN!



I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY'RE RISKING THEIR OWN NECKS IN THIS STORM TO STOP THIS SUPPLY WAGON... BUT IF THEY DO, IT'LL BE OVER MY DEAD BODY!



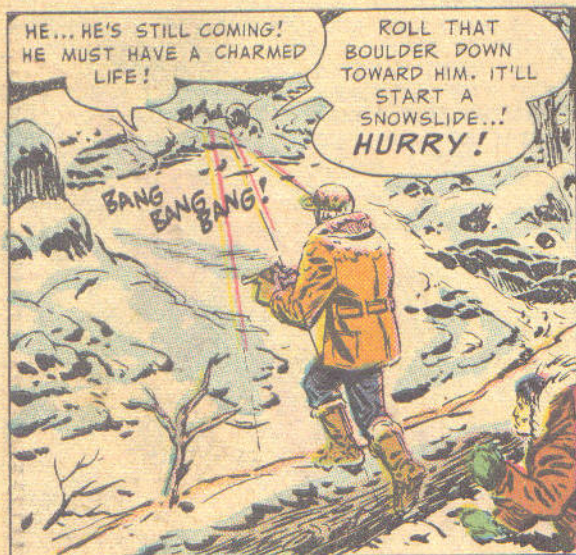
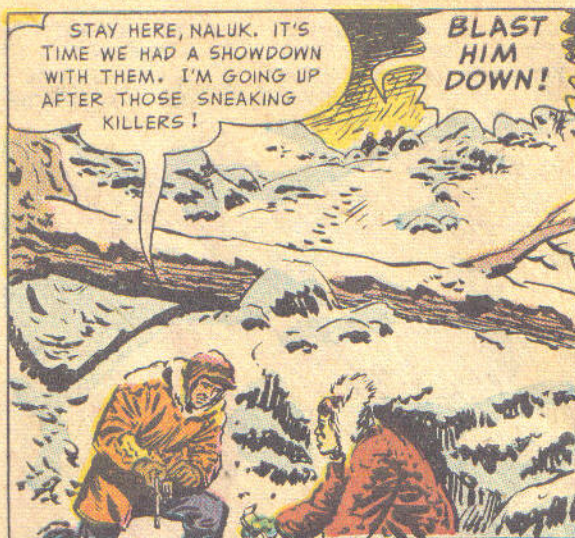
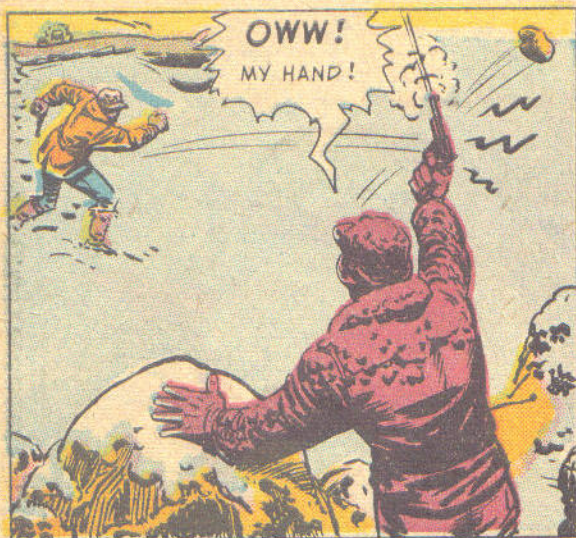
IT'S EMPTY!

CLICK!



I GOT HIM NOW! HEH, HEH! JUST LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL...

THIS ROCK...!



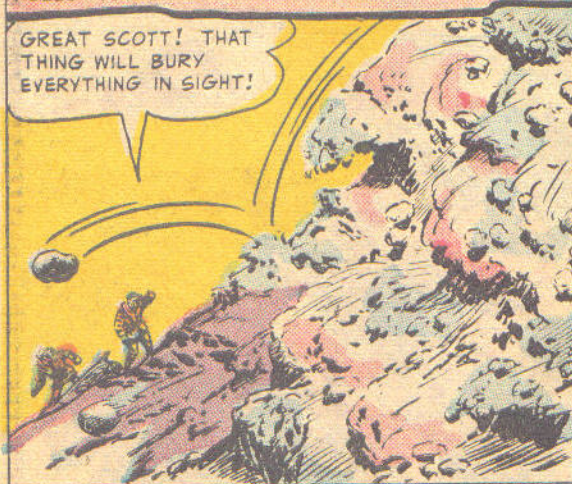
A HUGE SNOWSLIDE GATHERS MOMENTUM AND ROLLS TOWARD HELPLESS SKYPILOT!

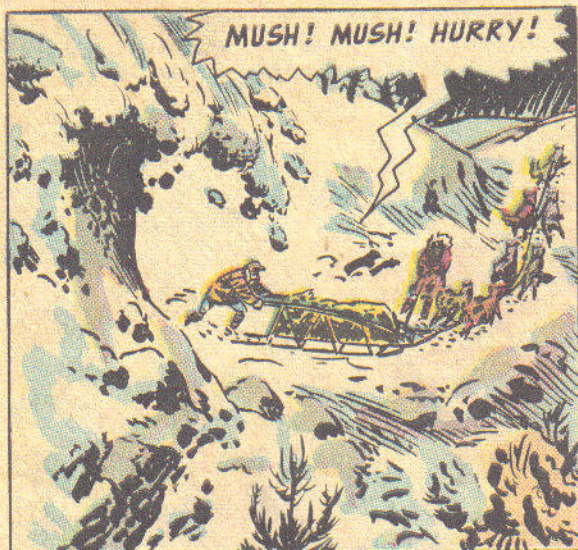
GREAT SCOTT! THAT THING WILL BURY EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!

SUDDENLY REMEMBERING THE SUPPLY SLED AND WOUNDED ESKIMOS WHO ARE IN THE PATH OF THE RUMBLING SNOWSLIDE, JOHN TURNS BACK, AWARE OF THE PERIL THAT FACES THEM...

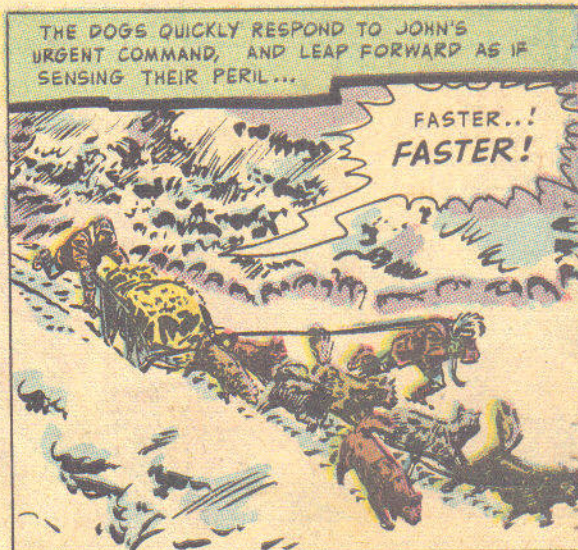
THOSE ESKIMOS ARE HELPLESS AND IF THAT SLIDE HITS THE SLED, WE'LL NEVER FIND THOSE SUPPLIES! MUSH OUT OF HERE, NALUK! QUICK!

R-R-R-RUM-B-L-E! MUSH!





MUSH! MUSH! HURRY!



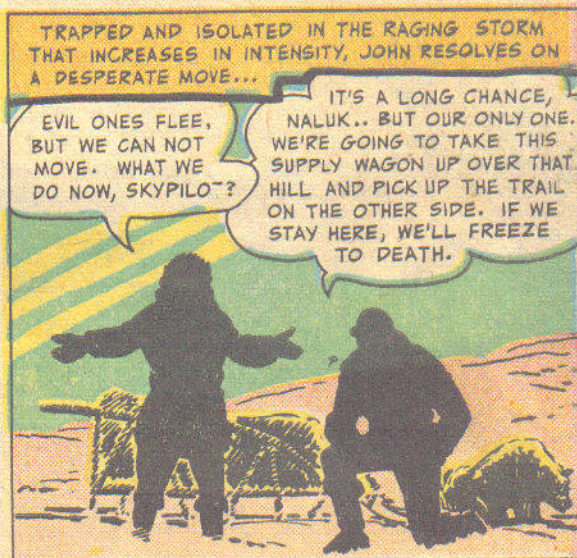
THE DOGS QUICKLY RESPOND TO JOHN'S URGENT COMMAND, AND LEAP FORWARD AS IF SENSING THEIR PERIL...

**FASTER...!
FASTER!**



WE MADE IT... BUT NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!

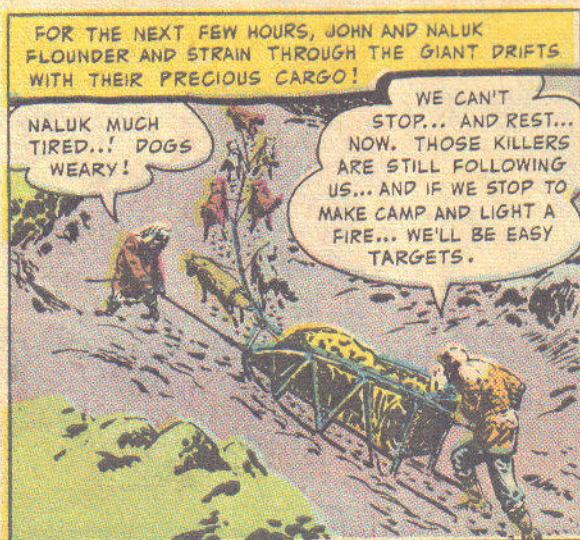
YES... BUT TRAIL NOW COVERED WITH MUCH SNOW. WE CAN GO NO FARTHER.



TRAPPED AND ISOLATED IN THE RAGING STORM THAT INCREASES IN INTENSITY, JOHN RESOLVES ON A DESPERATE MOVE...

EVIL ONES FLEE, BUT WE CAN NOT MOVE. WHAT WE DO NOW, SKYPILO?

IT'S A LONG CHANCE, NALUK.. BUT OUR ONLY ONE. WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THIS SUPPLY WAGON UP OVER THAT HILL AND PICK UP THE TRAIL ON THE OTHER SIDE. IF WE STAY HERE, WE'LL FREEZE TO DEATH.



FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS, JOHN AND NALUK FLOUNDER AND STRAIN THROUGH THE GIANT DRIFTS WITH THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO!

NALUK MUCH TIRED...! DOGS WEARY!

WE CAN'T STOP... AND REST... NOW. THOSE KILLERS ARE STILL FOLLOWING US... AND IF WE STOP TO MAKE CAMP AND LIGHT A FIRE... WE'LL BE EASY TARGETS.



BUT HUMAN STAMINA AND THE DOGS CAN TAKE JUST SO MUCH...

NO CAN... GO FURTHER. YOU... LEAVE... NALUK! SAVE MEDICINE AND FOOD...

NO, NALUK. WE... WE'LL STOP AND MAKE CAMP. WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE OUR CHANCES WITH... THOSE VULTURES!

EVEN AS THE RAYS OF THE FIRE WARM HIS CHILLED BONES, JOHN IS APPREHENSIVE...

YOU WORRY ABOUT EVIL ONES SEE OUR FIRE. THEY COME KILL US SOON... THAT WHAT YOU THINK?

THIS FIRE CAN BE SEEN MILES AWAY. BUT IT HAD TO BE BUILT. NOW, IF THERE WAS SOME WAY...! WAIT, NALUK. I HAVE AN IDEA!

QUICK. BRING YOUR WOUNDED BROTHER AWAY FROM THE FIRE. FOLLOW ME.

JOHN HAWKS HAS PLAN.

NOW WE'LL FIX FOUR BEDROLLS SO THAT THEY LOOK AS IF WE'RE SLEEPING. WORK FAST, NALUK. WE'LL BE GETTING COMPANY SOON!

IS GOOD PLAN, SKYPILOT. I UNDERSTAND!

WITH THE BEDROLLS CAREFULLY CAMOUFLAGED, JOHN AND NALUK TAKE UP POSITIONS SOME FIFTY YARDS FROM THE FIRE AND QUIETLY WAIT...

SOMEONE COMES. I HEAR...

SHHH! NOT A SOUND. IT'S THE EVIL ONES. NOW, IF THEY'RE ONLY TAKEN IN BY OUR LITTLE TRICK...!

POUR IT INTO THEM!

THERE'S ONE SLEEP THEY'LL NEVER GET UP FROM!

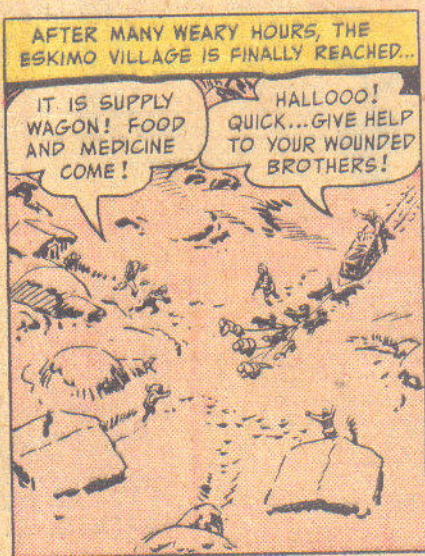
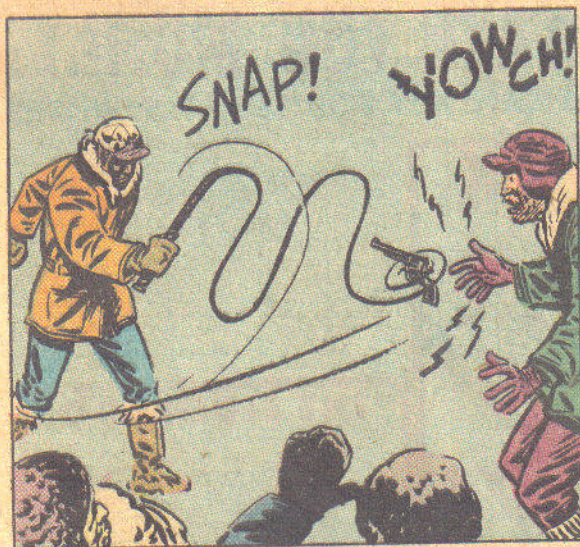
HEH, HEH! THEY'RE DONE FOR! WHERE'S THOSE SUPPLIES? I CAN USE A MEAL.

THOSE ESKIMOS WHO ARE WAITING FOR THAT STUFF ARE GOING TO WAIT A LONG...!

DON'T TOUCH IT, YOU DEVILS!

AWWK! GHOSTS!

THEY'RE ALIVE! BLAST 'EM!



STOP!
TAKE
THEM
AWAY!

DON'T
HIT ME...!
WE QUIT!

START TALKING!
WHY WERE YOU SO
ANXIOUS TO STOP THIS
SUPPLY WAGON?

THERE'S A GOLD VEIN UNDER
THE LAND WHERE THOSE ESKIMOS
ARE. WE... WE FIGURED THAT
WITHOUT THE FOOD AND MEDICINE
THEY'D HAVE TO MOVE AWAY...
AND WE COULD TAKE OVER THE
LAND.

YOU WOULD
HAVE SACRIFICED
THE LIVES OF
INNOCENT MEN,
WOMEN AND
CHILDREN FOR
YOUR GREED.

NOW MUSH! YOU'RE GOING
TO KEEP GOING UNTIL YOU
BRING THESE SUPPLIES TO
WHERE THEY'RE NEEDED.
GET GOING!

AFTER MANY WEARY HOURS, THE
ESKIMO VILLAGE IS FINALLY REACHED...

IT IS SUPPLY
WAGON! FOOD
AND MEDICINE
COME!

HALLOOO!
QUICK...GIVE HELP
TO YOUR WOUNDED
BROTHERS!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AFTER
THE KILLERS HAVE BEEN TURNED
OVER TO THE ROYAL MOUNTED
POLICE...

OUR WOUNDED
BROTHERS TELL
US WHAT YOU DO
TO SAVE SUPPLIES.
SKYPILOT, WE
WILL NEVER
FORGET YOU.

JUST KNOWING
THAT THE SICK
WILL BE WELL
AND THE
HUNGRY FED
IS ENOUGH
REWARD FOR
ME!

THE END

WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY!

YOUR MONEY BACK QUICK IF YOU CAN BUY FOR LESS ELSEWHERE



The Champion
Super Special Quality — a sure winner! Amazing! Real massive, manly! Solid Gold color effect. Big pseudo Diamond in centre flanked by 2 others 4.95



The Ritz
Large 1 Karat Stone — real sparkle! Very low priced for quick sales. Refined, impressive, smooth. Men — get this handsome ring now! Bargain! 1.99



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5 big, impressive Pseudo Diamonds of fiery brilliancy. Extra-heavy weight, natural Gold color with \$750.00 appearance. Manly! Commando respect! 3.55

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ACTIVE MEN



**BANG IT!
DROP IT!
THROW IT!**

NOW

7⁹⁷

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Enchanting ring for smart ladies. 20 small Pseudo Diamonds imported from Europe are hand set in twin clusters. Very feminine. daily refined! Only 2.94



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To listening brilliant to resemble blazing rainbow hues: Ruby-red, Emerald-green, Sapphire-blue and Diamond-white colors. Equisitely designed, so dainty! 3.94



Royal Peacock
15 Rhinestones in blazing rainbow hues: Ruby-red, Emerald-green, Sapphire-blue and Diamond-white colors. Equisitely designed, so dainty! 3.94

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"ELDORADO" — the watch for active men — last word in smart styling! Sparkling Pseudo Diamonds and Rubies set around the dial. Solid Gold color effect, chromed back, unbreakable crystal. Luminous hands. Large sweep. Second hand. Rugged case built to take the "golf." Imported Swiss movement gives dependable service. UNLIMITED GUARANTEE EXCLUSIVE OF PARTS — never a penny for skilled labor cost! Formerly 24.95. SPECIAL SALE PRICE, only 9.99 — not a penny more. 100 DAY FREE TRIAL. Your money back quick if not delighted. RUSH COUPON NOW!



NOW
9⁹⁷



Genuine DIAMOND Locket
TERRIFIC VALUE! While they last, you can have this glamorous DIAMOND LOCKET at an unbelievably low price! Rich, solid gold color effect, gorgeous design. Has special frames inside for two photographs of loved ones! Complete with chain, yours for 2.95



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Less than 4 inches tall! Has own powerful battery current — no plug-in needed. Press switch to light. Ideal for nursery, bedroom and during storms. Beautiful, jeweled appearance. Complete with dainty shade and tiny bulb. 98c

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Your own INITIAL in Raised Gold color effect firmly set on a BLOOD-RED stone flanked by 2 sparkling Pseudo Diamonds imported from Europe. Ring made in 14 Karat Rolled Gold plate, very fashionably designed, rich in appearance. WEAR IT WITH PRIDE! Enjoy a lifetime. It's so handsomely masculine so distinctive! Mention letter desired and send strip of paper for size. Bargain price 2.97

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Place near window — see color changes like magic! RED allegedly indicates rain, storms; BLUE — fair and sunny; PURPLE — changes coming! Amazes every one! Beautiful, decorative. Flower pot given. 98c

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Special!
A sturdy, accurate watch, with special jewel movement, ideal for active women and girls, nurses, teachers, sportswomen, typists, housewives, etc. Case is dainty yet so sturdy! Has luminous hands and numbers for night reading. So feminine and petite, yet so accurate too! 10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE and conditional free service certificate. Bargain price 7.97



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Gentlemen: Please Rush the articles below. I will deposit price shown with mail-man on arrival, plus postage. I will use and enjoy them for 10 days. Anytime I am not satisfied, you will return my money. (We prepay postage on cash orders).

NAME OF ARTICLE DESIRED	PRICE

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PLEASE! Send ring sizes on thin strip of paper wrapped around finger.

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NOW you can own and enjoy ROCKET's most POWERFUL and very BEST FIELD GLASS at a special LOW PRICE! Well made of rugged metals and has specially ground magnification lenses. Such TERRIFIC POWER you won't believe your eyes! Get an intimate view of nature — the sky at night — the birds, mountains, etc.

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Get a close-up of that neck to neck finish at the races, the flashing uppercut of the boxer, the quick pass down the football field, seashore scenes, etc. See what your neighbors are doing without being seen! Special SALE price, only 2.94



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or
HUM A TUNE-**

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IT'S EASY TO PLAY, AND YOU GET THIS FINE, FULL SIZE HARMONICA, HOPPY'S NEW METHOD OF INSTRUCTION, AND WORDS AND MUSIC OF 200 SONGS, —ALL FOR ONLY \$1.69



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Just send your name and address on penny postcard. Your beautiful Key of C professional metal Harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Book of Instructions and 200 Songs will be mailed at once. On arrival, pay postman just \$1.69 plus C. O. D. and postage. Keep for 7 days on free trial offer. If you are not satisfied, return and your money will be refunded at once. Supplies are limited. Don't risk disappointment. Order now—TODAY!

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Only \$1.98
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